

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

MARYKNOLL

Diligentibus Deum

Omnia Cooperantur

in Bonum : : : :



To Those Who Love

God All Things Work

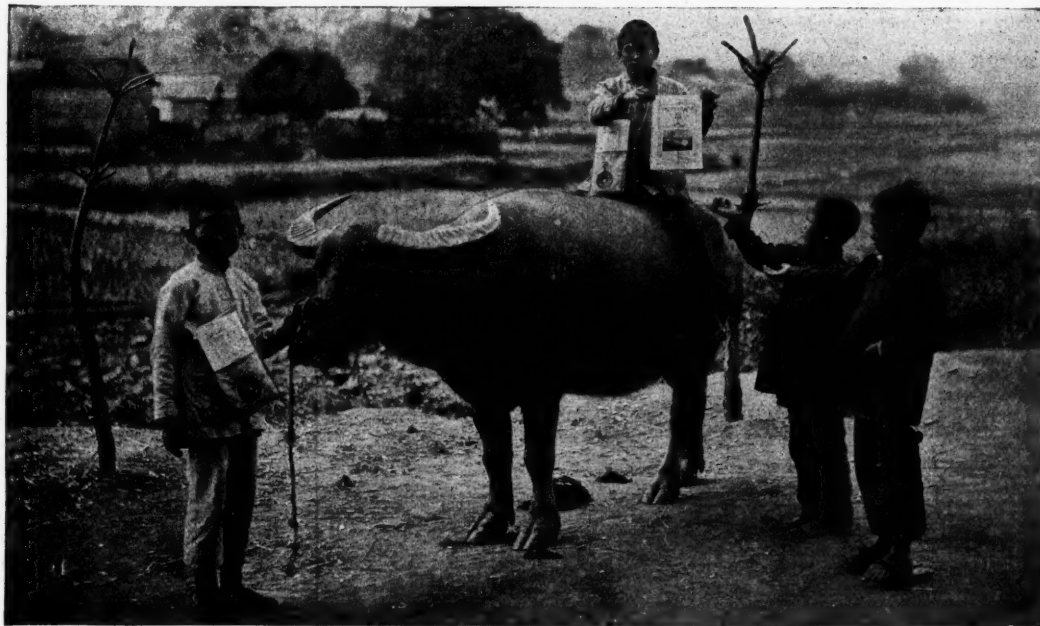
Together for Good.

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Number Eleven

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IT IS READ FROM COVER TO COVER IN EVERY LAND.

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In this circle is our legal title.
It will be appropriate in any
Catholic's will.

THE FIELD AFAR

Founded in 1907. Appears on the fifteenth day of each month. Owned by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. of Ossining, N. Y.

President and Treasurer: V. REV. JAMES A. WALSH.
Secretary: - - - V. REV. JOHN J. DUNN.

TERMS FOR SUBSCRIPTION

One Associate Subscription (entitling the Subscriber to privileges of Membership in the Society)—to any address, home or foreign\$1.00 a year.
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Several hundred Masses yearly;
Frequent Communions and prayers of faithful converts.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY MARYKNOLL - - OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

MONTH of All Souls. They suffer but they are content because they realize the Justice of God and are conscious of His Love that awaits the end of their exile. Ours is the opportunity to shorten their purgatory, as those whom we precede to the Judgment Seat may later do for us. More certain shall we be to leave such pleaders after us if now we plead for those who have left us.

* *

LIGHT is breaking over this darkened earth and narrowness is giving way to world-wide effort for liberty and for truth.

The mission-spirit is keeping pace with this awakening, which in fact it has stimulated if not actually initiated.

The greatest uniting power in the world is the Catholic Church, and American Catholics are learning this lesson from their Mother.

* *

WE come to you without a cover but we have dressed up our first page so that we look quite presentable. At least, we hope so.

The Government is limiting us, however, and we are allowed to use only ninety percent of the paper which we seemed to need last year. This means—for the present—no drive for a much larger circulation, no hope of getting many more friends or of helping to open their hearts—and purse-strings. However, it does not mean that we shall have no room on our subscription lists for the friends of our friends. Every day, in obedience to authority, we must take off names of delinquent subscribers, and we are as anxious to replace these as we are sorry to lose them.

So send along the new subscription and remember that the work of Maryknoll is largely dependent, under God, upon THE FIELD AFAR.

If the present issue is late the cause may be found in this message from our printers:

We may be unable to print The Field Afar on time this issue. The Cylinder Press Feeders and Pressmen in the city of New York have been on a strike since Monday and this has completely crippled our press-room. The matter has been placed in the hands of the War Board for adjustment.

ONE of the greatest lessons taught by the present war has been the value of co-operation. The personal interests of all good Americans have been merged into the one great purpose of winning the war, with the result that the Government has been able to raise more than \$14,000,000,000 through taxation and the sale of Liberty Bonds.

We recall hearing a few years ago a man who called himself a good Catholic remonstrate because \$100,000 was contributed from this country for the spread of Christianity among pagan peoples throughout the world.

Fourteen billion to "make the world a safe place to live in"; one hundred thousand for the conversion of souls who know not Christ. But the war is broadening us and making us feel how narrow we have been, how little we have done, and how much we can do to establish the kingdom of the Prince of Peace if we can only get away from the parochial idea. And those better days are coming.

* *

IN its September number *Catholic Missions* of New York, the organ of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, made editorial comment on the departure of our first missioners. This is of course as it should be and we are pleased to acknowledge the kind word of congratulation and good-will as expressed therein.

Several Catholic editors in this country watch and note the pro-

gress of this national work, none more keenly or with stronger appreciation than he of the vigilant *Transcript*, Hartford, Conn., who in a recent issue published a column editorial that appeared later in many papers, secular and religious, throughout the country.

To *The Missionary* (Washington, D. C.) also we are grateful for a long and favorable comment on the Departure, from which we are tempted to quote:

It seemed a long time to Maryknoll—those years of mingled waiting and endeavor. But to the rest of Catholic America, especially to Maryknoll's countless clients, it seems a very miracle of swiftness, the act of flashing of the Erie Canal, for which irksome period of this divine enterprise is passed away.

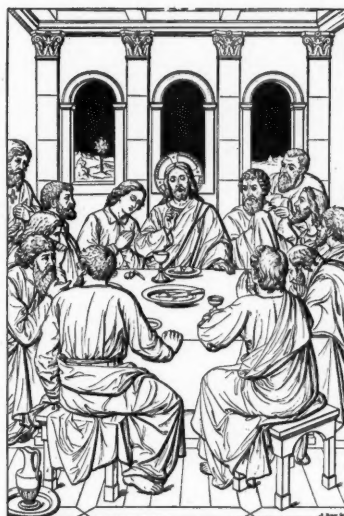
It is related of Governor De Witt Clinton that, little less than a century ago, when he addressed the vast throng gathered to celebrate the opening of the Erie Canal, for which first and last he had battled with all the political quidnuncs in State and Nation, he electrified his hearers with these introductory words: "The long agony is over!" Yet the present great waterway, which bears the commerce of our inland empire to the lordly Hudson, had then only begun to trickle along in a big ditch across the State. But the agony was over—it is always felt in the beginning; it is eternally true that "it is the first step that costs."

Of those who have always encouraged Maryknoll the Paulist Fathers, the Catholic Missionary Union and this its magazine, stand among the foremost. And in this we but help the American apostolate, firmly convinced that converts will be gathered at home in proportion to those we shall make among the heathen.

* *

EDITORIALS on foreign missions are not common in the secular press, either, but one came to us recently from the *Minneapolis Tribune* (sent by a friend in that city), which is worthy of note. The writer remarks that the war activities have made more difficult the raising of funds for the missions, and says:

This neglect of missions is not logical; neither is it yet necessary. There are many economies that may yet be practised to avoid infringing on mission funds. Mission work at home



THE LIVING BREAD THAT WOULD NOURISH ALL MANKIND.

and abroad is the life of the church. The mission is not an appendage to the church. It is not a work of supererogation, a work to be supported with a surplus, if any, and to be dropped in a lean year. Even the most cursory study of mission work in Africa and the Orient shows that it was the factor which awakened those peoples to an intelligent realization of the higher things in Western civilization. It was by the help of the missionaries that America obtained its splendid hold on the heart of China.

It is well established that the Christian church which centers its activity in itself is doomed to decay. "There is that giveth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than it meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

Home missions are by many considered more important than foreign missions. But this war is teaching the world that there is no such word in any tongue as "foreign." Not long ago Russia was none of our business. To-day American boys are dying for liberty because Russian mujiks want liberty without dying for it. Christian America is not safe with China heathen. There will be no peace on the whole earth until there is good will among all men.

Everybody who knows China is well aware that with its domestic difficulties settled it could become a mighty nation. China has a deep respect for the United

States, which, we understand, has joined with Great Britain "in offering friendly services to the quarrelling factions of the North and South." China has marvelous resources but no money, and consequently no strong army, no ammunition, no order. If other nations supply money it will be only under guarantees which may yet bring to the United States the honorable task of helping to teach a younger Republic how to run itself.

* *

Some Notes.

OUR fallen heroes are being remembered at Maryknoll. Already several of them have been placed on the Perpetual Memorial list and in remembrance of one a student here is being trained for the apostolate.

A *Militia of Prayer* has been organized, to last during the war. Its members pledge themselves to spend at least a quarter of an hour each day in prayer for the success of the Allied armies. Its slogan is *Prayer will win the War*. The general secretary is Mr. Louis J. Frank, St. Bede's Chaplaincy, 3741 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wouldn't it be fine!—if we did not have to bill our subscribers, admiring and otherwise. During September we dunned 1558, an unusual number for us, but *we do* hate to lose them.

Of course it costs money to dun but we are satisfied to pay in stamps, paper, and labor, if we can keep a friend, and

—*that is what we think of you!*—Don't mention it.

The Martyr of Futuna

(Blessed Peter Chanel S.M.)

"One cannot peruse these edifying pages without being moved to add this simple martyr to one's own litany of the Saints, so convincing, so appealing is his sanctity."—*Ave Maria*.

210 pp., 16 illustrations,

75 Cents Postpaid.

The *Catholic Students' Mission Crusade* is beginning to bear fruit, as evidenced by interesting letters from several seminaries.

At the first conference in Techny, Ill., about twenty-five educational institutions were represented.

The object of the Crusade is to educate every Catholic student of the country in mission work, both home and foreign, and the Field Secretary is Rev. John Handly, C.S.P., of Chicago.

Under the title, *Little Grey House on Hill*, we read in a New York Catholic weekly about a month ago a fine appeal, whose author was nameless but probably known, requesting a hundred thousand dollars for the new Maryknoll-on-Hudson. We gasped, although in these days when millions are spent for war every minute we should not have done so. But we did; we gasped,—and waited. The dream passed and we have forgotten it, but a seed might have fallen in good ground just the same, and we are grateful to the writer.

Our President looms large and high today on the world's horizon. While occupied every moment with the tremendous problems of the war, he takes thought of the days of peace that are to follow. He has pointed out the need of keeping up interest in foreign missions; now he writes on education:

I would urge that the people continue to give generous support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions, to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the war and that the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people.

Maryknoll Educational Cards

Views of Maryknoll and the Missions with accurate information on mission activity here and in fields afar.

26 Subjects in a Set - 50 cents

The appointment of His Excellency, Archbishop Petrelli, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands, as Nuncio to Peking was received with joy by all who have at heart the spread of Catholic faith in the Chinese Republic. This important step was halted, to the disappointment of many, but we are of those who still hope to hear that it has been taken. The number of Catholics is constantly increasing in China and at present the Church there has no co-ordinating spirit to draw together its many scattered energies. Our self-effacing missionaries have done much, but many great needs have not been met.

Several young men who were destined for Maryknoll have fallen on the field of battle. From one we had heard only a few days before the announcement of his death and his dreams were of his future life here. God accepts the will to-day, and these young soldiers will surely take their place with Him as volunteer Soldiers of the Cross.

Scores of other soldiers, living and dead, are being enrolled for Masses and prayers as members of this Society, some for brief periods, others in perpetuity, and we are always especially pleased to write in our books the names of these brave Catholic boys.

Many of our correspondents have lost relatives in the world-conflict—sons, fathers, brothers, or husbands. Our sympathy goes out to each and all, and with it goes the assurance of prayers from the Maryknoll communities.

Of one young man, a lieutenant, we have heard from his bereaved mother, who kindly sent her son's last letters from the front. Before returning the precious lines it occurred to us that our readers would be edified by them, and we quote this short extract:

For the Faith

(A New Maryknoll Book)

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JUST DE BRETENIERES
of the Paris Seminary
MARTYRED IN KOREA IN 1866

This book has 174 pages, and sixteen illustrations. It is attractively bound in dark red cloth, stamped in gold, and will sell for

One Dollar Postpaid

Do not worry—I am going into the scrap with the greatest faith that the good Lord will answer all the wonderful prayers that are being said for me and will guide me safely through all my trials and then back to you. And another thing, Mother,—I have been to Confession and Communion and I will go forward with the grace of God, please God.

There are American heroes on the battle fields of France and Flanders who have risen and are rising to the highest ideals of Christian heroism. This noble son will go back to his parents, in spirit now—and later in eternal union.

Religious Orders in the United States will yet take up and develop some of their fine traditions relating to foreign missions. Already they are beginning to point with pride to the splendid work of their predecessors and of their confrères in other lands.

Fr. Angelus, O.M.Cap., of Pittsburgh, a good friend of Maryknoll, calls to our attention the fact that for more than three hundred and sixty years the Capuchin Order has been engaged in foreign mission fields. He writes of its work in the islands of the Pacific, in Abyssinia, in Dutch Borneo; of Capuchin heroes of the South American jungle, in Chile, Bulgaria and Somaliland.

If you wish to support, during his first year, one of the Maryknoll missionaries, two hundred dollars will be required.

The Capuchins have in all forty-four missions, containing one hundred and fifty-two million heathen,—a very large field for not more than a thousand missionaries, who manage, however, to baptize yearly at least fifty thousand. The Order is gathering for itself helpers in the missions and mission helpers at home. In America a *Tertiary Mission Bureau* has been established at Pittsburgh and its slogan is: *A Little of America's Waste for the Missions!*

* *

THE question comes up periodically:

Is there any difference between a perpetual association with Maryknoll and a perpetual membership in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith?

There certainly is, and if you are anxious to secure as many spiritual advantages as possible for yourself or for your beloved dead, we urge you to get into both if you are in a position to do so.

However, they are two absolutely distinct societies, each with its own special advantages,

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith gathers money in many countries and distributes it as widely as its means will allow, to the missions scattered over the earth. This Society is centered in France, and has branches in America. The centre of these American branches is under the direction of Monsignor Frère, in New York City, who is assisted by directors in several dioceses, notably in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Albany, and St. Paul.

Maryknoll—as the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is now popularly designated—is a training house for priests. It is a distinctly American foundation, and depends upon this country for its existence. Its first group of missionaries are now on the way to their mission in China.

A Loss to the Cause.

AMONG the victims of the influenza epidemic was one whom the cause of missions could ill afford to lose, the Rev. Joseph F. Boehles, assistant to Monsignor Dunn of New York in his splendid work for the propagation of the Faith.

Fr. Boehles loved the missions because his heart was Catholic to the core, a well-spring of Christ-like zeal wisely exercised and intelligently expressed.

We of Maryknoll have lost in this young priest a close observer of our development and a zealous champion of all our efforts. He was one of the few intimate friends who longed to be present in our small chapel to witness the first departure of American missionaries. He could not come because he was booked for confessions that Saturday night, but he hastened from the sacred tribunal to the Pennsylvania Station at a late hour to give his hand-clasp and word of blessed encouragement to the departing missionaries. May he soon be interceding for them and for us in Heaven!

Chinese in the United States.

THERE is in New York City a young Chinese priest, Peter Chan by name, whose presence is a strong object-lesson to American Catholics. Fr. Chan is a native of South China and has made his studies with the Society of Jesus, of which he is a member, for the past twelve years. He is hardly more than thirty-two years old, speaks several languages, including English, and is a credit to his Church as well as to his race.

There are scores of priests in or near the great metropolis, and thousands of the faithful, who would find real pleasure in meeting this product of early missionary work in China (Fr. Chan belongs to a family which has been Catholic for several generations)

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and Fr. Chan would gladly meet them. His address is:

Church of the Nativity,
44 Second Avenue, N. Y.



FR. PETER CHAN, S. J.
(At present in New York.)

Our Procurator in San Francisco has run across the track of a certain *Kan*, the "Cigarette King" of China, who lately made a second gift of two million cigarettes to the boys of the American Navy.

It is stated that this "King Kan" ships through San Francisco every year \$6,000,000 worth of Eastern leaf tobacco. His cigarettes will hardly be worth running after but the enterprise of this cigarette king is certainly admirable.

Splendid Promise.

TO *St. Mark's Holy Name Society* in Peoria, Illinois, belongs the credit of beginning the education of the first Chinese boy destined for the sacred ministry in the Maryknoll mission-field.

One hundred dollars has already been received and set aside for this purpose, and notice has been forwarded to the new missionaries to find the fortunate youth. The Rev. J. J. Burke, in sending the offering, suggests that we publish occasionally in *THE FIELD AFAR* a list of parishes and societies which are actually educating Chinese boys or supporting native catechists in the Maryknoll Mission, and we hope that the example of Peoria will enable us to do this.

Enclosed with the remittance from Fr. Burke is the following statement from another priest in the Middle West:

I was much impressed by the suggestion made in *THE FIELD AFAR* by Fr. Burke of St. Mark's Church, Peoria, Illinois. It seems to me an opportune time for the Catholics of the United States to do something worthwhile for the conversion of the great Chinese people. A thousand, or at least five hundred, *Holy Name Societies* can and should adopt a Chinese boy and educate him for God's holy altar.

I have a small parish of not more than fifty or sixty families, but it is my intention when I recover from a present illness to ask my people to give one hundred dollars a year to the holy cause. God grant that one hundred parishes will do the same this first year of America's work in foreign missions, and that the good work will go on until China is Catholic!

Such possibilities thrill one. Will they be realized soon? We believe so.

A *HOLY Name Society* in Peoria is supporting a Chinese student destined for our mission-field in China. A parish in the Buffalo diocese, after bearing the expense of board and tuition for a Maryknoll student now a priest, offers to continue this help in favor of another.

The diocesan seminary at Dunwoodie (N. Y.) is getting up a Maryknoll Burse; and we have heard of another that plans to erect one of the first Maryknoll Mission chapels. And now, from St. Meinrad's Seminary in Indiana, comes a letter which we reproduce in part before sending to its "lucky strike" in Canton, China:

No doubt you are acquainted with the scope of the work of the Students' Mission Crusade, which was formally launched and organized during the month of July, 1918, at a Convention assembled at Techny, Illinois.

The work of the Crusade has appealed to the students of St. Meinrad's Seminary and, to use the modern terminology of the war drives, we have decided to do our bit. Of course we do not expect to move mountains, but we hope by our co-operation to assist in furthering the noble work of our brothers in the field afar.

In order to accomplish something we have decided to attempt something tangible. Hence, in behalf of the Seminary Unit of the Mission Crusade, I wish to inform you that we have adopted Fr. Francis Xavier Ford, one of your pioneers, as the recipient of our mite. Small though it may be, we feel that it will aid materially in the advancement of the Cause of Christ. Also, it may be a source of encouragement to Fr. Ford to know that there are some back in the States who are anxious as to his welfare as a missionary. Kindly forward this letter to him, to inform him that St. Meinrad's is "on his trail" and wishes him Godspeed and success.

We realize that pecuniary aid is not the only means to advance the work of missions, consequently we have inaugurated the observance of *Mission Day* once a month. On that day the seminarists will offer Holy Communion and other good works for the intention of the missionaries and for the success of the missions. Furthermore, we have decided to install a mission library in the Seminary, for the distribution of literature dealing with missions at home and abroad. In this way we hope to keep vital the interest in mission work that should animate every Catholic student and particularly every seminarian.

This is only an attempt on our part, but we make it with generous and willing hearts, in the hope that Christ will bless our efforts as we know He blesses the efforts of those who, by noble self-sacrifice, bring the light of faith to the heathen.

Field Afar Tales

(A SECOND VOLUME OF STORIES)

Interesting and edifying; well-printed and attractively bound.

170 pages, 16 illustrations.

Price: Sixty Cents, postpaid.

Our Missioners in Transit.

SEPT 6., A. M.—Packing finished—almost; there's always something to go in at the last moment. Left by 8.21 train for Scranton, arriving at 1.52 P. M. Found Fr. Byrne, Director of the Vénard, and friends, who escorted us to the School. After a last look at the familiar surroundings, now dearer than ever, and supper (5.30) we said good-bye to the four Teresians at their own little home and hurried to the Cathedral where we assisted at the services of Holy Hour.

After Benediction the Bishop spoke,—of his early interest, how near Maryknoll itself had come to being in the diocese of Scranton, of the pride the people of Scranton took in the Maryknoll that is there—the Vénard,—and how evident the hand of God is in the establishment of the work at this time when the missions are in such sore need. At Bishop Hoban's request Fr. Price also said a few words,—emphasizing the opportuneness of the work, the big part that America must play in the cause of foreign missions in the future, owing to the war, and the benefits that will react to the Catholics of this country because it is only through a truly apostolic spirit that ardent faith can be kept alive.

We were waylaid after the services by a large number of Scrantonians, true friends that they are, who came to say good-bye and Godspeed. The Vénard students also were there and as they said good-bye and knelt for a last blessing there was not one, I venture to say, who did not renew his resolution to be a missionary.

Sept. 7.—After Mass at 7.—Fr. Walsh at Mercy Hospital, Frs. Price and Meyer at the Immaculate Heart of Mary Sisters' in the Cathedral parish, and Fr. Ford at the Cathedral itself.—Bishop Hoban, Fr. Byrne, and several friends accompanied us to the station. The 8 o'clock train was on time and soon, in company with some of the Vénarders going to Maryknoll, we were speeding away from Scranton, away from so many loyal and warm-hearted friends. All of us have spent some time among them and we venture to say that in no diocese of the country

will be found a livelier faith, a truer generosity, or a deeper reverence for God and His anointed.

We reached Maryknoll about four o'clock, to find Dr. Mahoney, pastor of Ossining, with his assistant, Fr. Collins, and Fr. Phelan, our professor of Church History, there to say good-bye. As it was Saturday they could not remain for the ceremony of departure. Miss —, a staunch benefactor, had come also bringing vestments and other supplies for the Mass outfits. At the table that evening were Monsignor Dunn; Fr. Bruneau of St. Mary Seminary, Baltimore; Fr. Cyril, our French professor; Fr. Caruana, of Brooklyn, an old friend, now in khaki; and Dr. P. J. Flagg, of New York, our medical instructor. Monsignor Dunn brought a message from His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, that moved all. We had intended going personally to ask his blessing but found that because of his illness he could not see us. Monsignor had spoken to him of our departure. Weak as he was, he said that we were in his thoughts and bade Mgr. Dunn to bring to "his children" a blessing.

The evening passed all too quickly and at 8 o'clock the ringing of a bell that once had hung in a Japanese pagoda—significant, was it not?—called the community together for the final ceremony of departure. The four missionaries kneeling before the altar recited the "Propositum," expressing their firm intention of spending their lives as missionaries. Being simple it was all the more impressive and cannot be soon forgotten by those who took part. After the chanting of the beautiful "*Itinerarium*," or office for those going on a journey, in which the travelers recommend themselves to the divine protection, Father Superior gave a brief address. What must have been his feelings and emotions at that moment! We who had known him and now heard the words from his lips could realize something, I think, of what they were. Here he saw a beginning of the fulfillment of what he had so long longed and prayed for. Still, we had not been proven by trial. And there was the pain of separation, for ours had been the privilege of being among his first associates and disciples. We had shared his plans, his hopes and fears, even, to some extent, his difficulties though these he bore as much as he could alone. Our goal, he said, had been reached; our first were going out. There had been good men who had said that candidates could not be found, and others who believed that American youth would not make good missionaries. Now, we had candidates; but their ability as missionaries must be shown. But just as American youth had proven themselves as soldiers in the face of so many misgivings, so we

might be confident that Americans will prove good missionaries.

Upon these first men rests a great responsibility, because to them we look for the first proofs of the abilities of Americans as missionaries. But it is also upon all at Maryknoll, because they also are of the first—laying the foundations and establishing traditions. We must bear the burden together. We should consider that there is an invisible vine joining Maryknoll-in-China with Maryknoll here: a part of the True Vine that is Christ, and drawing from Him through Maryknoll here the elements that shall make it flourish. Those who go out will not be forgotten by those at home. The prayer that is said daily for Maryknoll-in-China will have a deeper meaning and will be said the more fervently because as it is said each one will visualize the absent brothers. Fr. Superior asked that at the end of the rosary said each evening in common there be added an Our Father and three Hail Marys for those on the field afar and that they might do likewise for those at home. Then he blessed the crucifixes of the missionaries, the banner of the King under which they had so shortly pledged themselves to fight until the end. With no other symbol, with no other weapon they were going to battle.

Then followed the farewell. The four missionaries stood on the altar steps, received the embrace of their Superior, and embraced in turn with the salutation of the Church, "*Pax tecum*," the priests, students, and brothers; after which at the rail they gave their blessing to the Teresians.

Stories From

The Field Afar

Fifteen Short Stories that breathe the Foreign Mission Spirit.
160 Pages, with 17 Illustrations.
Price: Sixty Cents, postpaid.

Then the King was raised upon His throne, Benediction was given, and the ceremony was over. By the kindness of Mgr. Dunn and Dr. Flagg we were to be taken by automobile to catch the midnight train for Baltimore. Outside a veritable mob, albeit our own brethren sought a last word and hand-clasp. The faithful Teresians, too, had formed a little "hold-up party" of their own. At the last moment we found that if we did not wear overcoats during the ride to New York we should stand little chance of reaching China but, as so often before, the brethren did not fail us, and while they may never see those coats again they can comfort themselves that they saved the lives of the first missionaries from Maryknoll. At last all were aboard, the motors began to whirl, a sudden start—and we were off.

Maryknoll, my Maryknoll, good-bye! We shall probably never see you again, nor look again upon all those, brothers in Christ, who have helped to make you for us Mary's Knoll.

But the same Voice that now calls us away brought us to know you and so we go, with grief for the parting,



WHEN THE PARTING SHOT WAS FIRED.
(Fr. Price, Fr. Ford, Superior of Maryknoll, Fr. Meyer, Fr. J. E. Walsh.)

but glad that our lines have been so long cast in pleasant places and rejoicing in the unity of purpose and action that you have given to us. And this parting, even, is only a physical one. United by love of Christ and souls we shall be ever one in heart and deed, depending on one another, bound together by an invisible but potent bond that even death cannot break, that will be only strengthened the other side of the grave.

Sept. 8.—Arrived at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, in time for Mass, and after breakfast greeted many friends and former classmates. For two of the party, at least, the name "St. Mary's" recalls happy and peaceful days,—and profitable ones, for the good Sulpician Fathers are not only instructors but examples. But we had come to Baltimore especially for the purpose of seeing his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, and obtaining the blessing of one who had given to Maryknoll every encouragement from the beginning. We found him remarkably active and he showed a keen interest in our work.

Fr. Price spoke at the last Mass in the cathedral on the work and at 2.40 we found ourselves on the train en route to Washington, where a stop-over of a little more than two hours would give us an opportunity of visiting his Excellency, Archbishop Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate, whose heart, we have good reason to believe, is still among the little yellow men where he spent the first six years of his priesthood as a missionary in Shansi. Ill-health forced him to return to Rome and now we, on our way to China, found him the representative of our Holy Father in America. He was very kind and three-quarters of an hour passed all too quickly,—at least for us. He had many good points to give us out of his experience and at the end we received his blessing—doubly precious because it came from the personal representative of the Holy Father.

Sept. 9.—A good Italian priest of Cincinnati met our train from Washington and soon we were speeding out into the suburbs to the new home of our friend Rev. Peter Dietz, whose brother is a Maryknoll priest. Fr. Dietz had asked Fr. Price to bless his new "Academy of Social Democracy," a work that is as yet getting much less attention and appreciation than it deserves. His aim is to counteract the venom of Socialism by applying the true remedy for existing social evils—the putting into practice of Christian principles. Students at the academy will take up the study of social conditions and the cure or amelioration of the evils. Nurses, settlement workers, and all

who seek the welfare of others find here a training that will be most helpful.

By the kindness of Fr. Siefert, the local pastor, we went from Fr. Dietz's to Mt. St. Mary's Seminary where we received a warm welcome from the rector, Rev. Dr. Beckmann, an enthusiastic worker for the missions and one of the organizers of the Students' Mission League which has for its purpose to arouse interest in and extend the knowledge of the missions in Catholic seminaries, colleges, and secondary schools throughout the country. At Archbishop Moeller's also we found a welcome and a blessing for the missionaries and their work. At Grandin Road the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur greeted us as old friends and showed us every kindness. Their hearts are large and the Tabernacle Society under their direction sends out many hundreds of dollars worth of altar furnishings annually to poor priests and churches. Fr. Price spoke a few words to the assembled nuns and novices, with the rest of the party as "Exhibit A."

Sept. 10.—An all night—and part of a day's—ride brought us to St. Louis where we said Mass at St. Vincent's Church in time to have breakfast and dinner at the same hour. Here we were fortunate enough to meet the Visitor of the Vincentians, Fr. Finney. At Archbishop Glennon's a hearty welcome awaited us and an assurance of deep and helpful interest in our work. The diocese of St. Louis has given five men to Maryknoll, with promise of others in the near future, and the Archbishop assured us that he would gladly give up all who might wish to join our work. We had only a few short moments to give to the gorgeous Byzantine cathedral whose interior is still uncompleted, but the altar and the mosaics of the side chapels gave us a good idea of the designer's general scheme.

A brief visit was paid to the Madames of the Sacred Heart in the Cathedral parish and to the Visitation Nuns at Cabanne Place, and then we separated—Fr. Meyer to visit relatives and the others to go to Kenrick Seminary at Webster Grove and to the Marillac Young Ladies' Seminary just outside the city. At Kenrick the party was greeted by the Vincentian Fathers, with the Rector, Rev. Dr. Ryan, at their head. We found here also our friend Fr. Donovan, founder and director of the St. Peter Claver Sodality for African Missions. At Marillac, the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity from Emmitsburg, western province, we were greeted by the Mother Superior and the Directress of Novices, who are working hard for the completion of a bursar at Maryknoll.

Maryknoll-in-China Needs:

\$200 For the personal support (food, clothing, and service) of each of four missionaries.

N.B. Provision has already been made for one.

\$100 For the yearly travel expense of each of our four missionaries.

\$100 For a year's education and support of each of ten Chinese boys studying to be Maryknoll priests.

N.B. Four have been adopted.


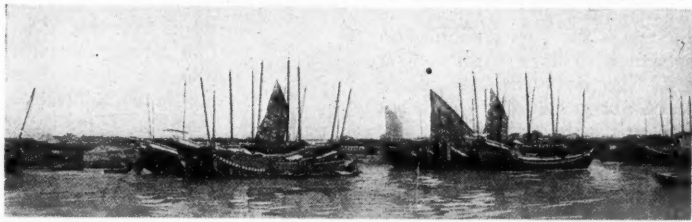

\$180 a year or

\$15 a month for the regular maintenance of each of ten catechists. This covers house rent, food, travel, books, etc.

T Last month we asked for
H \$500 to build the West
A River Hostel (with assembly-room and chapel) to accommodate our missionaries passing into the interior.
N This amount has come
K through a priest to whose
S generosity we owe much.

Sept. 11.—The good sisters at Marillac had telegraphed ahead so that when we arrived in Kansas City, Mo., we found the latch-string out at St. Vincent's Hospital and St. Anthony's Foundling Home. We were right at home with the Chaplain, Fr. O'Connor, C. M., and we judge that he has many friends, from his genial smile and warmheartedness and from the number of automobiles that seemed to be at his disposal for our entertainment. We visited the Academy conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The building we saw is part of a grouping which, when completed, will rival any similar school, east or west.

Bishop Lillis was out of the city but at the Cathedral rectory we found Fr. Tief, a Hartford, Conn., man, and at Mgr. Walsh's Fr. McGowan from Scranton, so we felt very much at home even though we were far from civilization. Several of the party were very much disappointed that they had not yet seen a real cowboy, but imagine their feelings when a Haynes car whisked us over miles of boulevards, past beautiful homes, with great open spaces at every turn where the children of the city can play in the open air and sunlight upon the greenest of green turfs, with no signs or policemen to disturb them. In Jackson County alone, outside of Kansas City, there are three hundred miles of as good paved roads as can be found anywhere.

Nov.	The Maryknoll Junior	1918
		
<p>❁ ❁ ❁</p>	<p>A FAMILIAR SCENE IN A CHINESE HARBOR.</p>	<p>❁ ❁ ❁</p>

MY DEAR JUNIORS:

Do you know you have made me happy this month? In my letter-tray every morning I have met friends new and old. From the Atlantic to the Pacific I find you reaching out eagerly for your own message from Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America.

But there are many, many more of your friends whom I have not yet met, and I want to meet them. Are you going to introduce me? Yes, to all of them, even to those who are far away, for Maryknoll is *national*. It belongs to no city, to no state, but to the whole nation. And because it is *national*, the Juniors must not be from any one city, nor from any one state, but from every state.

I remember an old advice about the best way to be happy on Thanksgiving Day. It is "to give something away." Give away some of that love for the missions that is down in your own heart. Let it out to others and it will spread like fire, burning more intensely in your heart as well as enkindling it in your friends.

How can you give the mission spirit? You have, perhaps been saying a "Hail Mary" for Maryknoll and the missions, but—have you asked your chum to say one? You can do this and more. Let me know your friends. Write and tell me about them. Get them to write to me. In the contest, and in answering the questions I have given you this month, you will have to get information. You may find things that are new to you. Tell them to me for they may be of interest to all the Juniors.

In doing this you will be doing for our missionaries what the men in the munition plants are doing for our boys overseas. Our missionaries depend on this help, for on the memorable night when America's first apostles left Maryknoll one of them said, "We go with courage because your prayers will follow us."

You need the blessings this activity will bring

into your own life; our missionaries can be blessed through your activity, and all China, too. There is a country in which the whitened harvest of souls has not been gathered. These immortal souls are reaching out to you for the crumbs,—the prayers and sacrifices that will enable Maryknoll to send out American priests to gather them. You are going to "do your bit." I know it and may God bless you in return.

Your friend,

Fr. Chin.

We are grateful to the "Friends of our Lady" who wrote:

Accept this little offering to fit up a room in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

A Sunday-School in Central Falls, R. I., has sent the generous gift of \$46 to help Maryknoll's work. The boys and girls gathered this sum in their mite boxes.

Some children in Taunton, Mass., want to help to educate a priest for our Maryknoll Mission. They go to St. Jacques' Parochial School and they have sent through their pastor a check for \$8.83, which they collected in their mite boxes.

Every Junior should wear a Maryknoll Pin which can be secured for twenty-five cents or for one new subscription to *The Field Afar*.

Fr. Chin has been glad to greet the landowners among the Juniors. Here is one who is going to be even more than that:

DEAR FATHER:

In the Junior pages of *THE FIELD AFAR* I saw that I could buy some land at Scranton at one cent for two feet. I enclose fifty cents for a hundred feet. Please send an owner's certificate. I also would like to become a Maryknoll Router.

(J. L., Union Hill, N. J.)

Write to Father Chin and tell him your ideas about foreign missions and what can be done for them, even by the stay-at-homes.

That Prize Story Contest.

You Maryknoll Juniors gave Fr. Chin a difficult task as the result of that prize story contest. It was hard to decide which was the best combination of circumstances under which to have Francis Lou kidnapped and returned. To have him stolen on the mountains where he had been helping to pick tea with his father, to have him chasing a butterfly into the very cave of the brigands, to have him clapped into a bag on the streets of the village within sight of his own home; these were some of the ways Francis fell into the hands of the brigands. Now, Fr. Chin had the problem before him—which of all these ideas had been worked into the best story? Was it easy? What do you think about it?

Before telling you the result, Fr. Chin wishes to congratulate all those who answered in this contest. He is much pleased with the interest for he realizes that the writing this story was not the easiest task in the world, because as yet you are not familiar with the customs and manners of the people. But your teachers and your parents can help you and Fr. Chin himself is going to tell you much. From Pennsylvania particularly came so many truly good stories. Two other stories, one from California and one from Rhode Island, deserve particular mention. But the very best, the prize-winner, is from

Edward F. Barrett, Jr.
322 E. Samuel's Ave.
Hazleton Heights, Pa.

Next month, perhaps, Edward will tell the Juniors something about himself, and about his prize book of mission tales.

With our next contest we shall look for even more answers. Some of the girls think that these contests are not for them. They are for *all* our Junior friends,—boys and girls. So you may keep Fr. Chin busy reading stories about the land he loves.

A Birthday Present in China.

How surprised your good father would be if, on his next birthday, an express wagon should draw up at the door and leave a *coffin* for him, with a card bearing these words: "From your children, with dearest love."

I imagine your father would not be pleased and would think that you were in a hurry to have him die. But a Chinese father would be "tickled" with such a gift; no more acceptable present could be offered him. The Chinese are not much troubled about a future state but they do like to have nice coffins, and they would show such a gift to every visitor, telling at the same time how good the children were to remember their father with so useful a present.

Christ Loveth All.

*What matter if the flesh be white,
Or black or brown?
The dying Saviour wore for all
The thorny crown:
What matter if the poor abode be in
Far lands unblest.
The Heart of Jesus covers North,
South, East, and West.*

—Mary Allegra Gallagher.

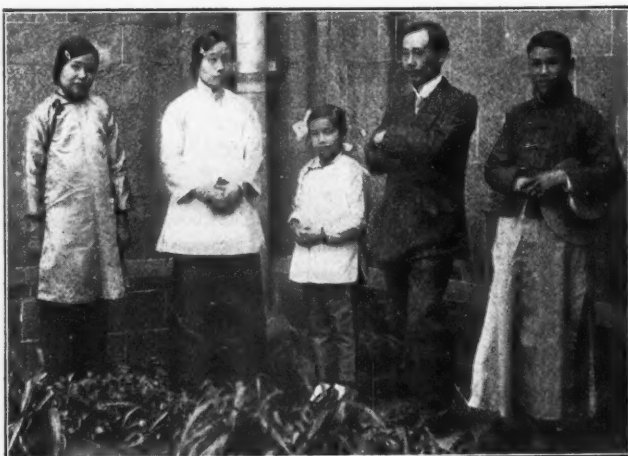
Every live boy who loves God should read about Théophane Vénard. To know him better is to love God more. His life, "Modern Martyr," costs only seventy-five cents.

The Courage of Lim-Chou-An.

(A True Story, told by a Sister in China.)

LIM-CHOU-AN was a little pagan Chinese girl who had been enrolled in our boarding-school. Her name in Chinese meant "Happy Moon," but the poor little maid was far from happy. Her mother was dead, her father had married again, and there was no place at home for Lim-chou-an. According to the custom of the country the child was already promised in marriage.

Happily, the intended husband was of a Catholic family and his parents required that the future bride be baptized. The innocent little one soon became very much interested in our holy faith and was glad to become a Christian. She then passed into our Christian school, where she remained even during the holidays, for her father did not want her at home and Paula, as she was now called, preferred to stay at the convent. She grew steadily in piety and vir-



(In China—where the mothers and daughters wear the pantaloons, the father and sons wear skirts, with an occasional change to American clothes.)

tue and used often to say, "Now that I know the beauty of religion I wish I could be released from the engagement my father made for me." Of course these wedding engagements in China are almost always money affairs, where the girls are actually sold by their parents.

The day came when Paula's father appeared and asked for his daughter. It was the appointed time for the marriage. The sorrowful child went to her unhappy home but on her arrival amazed all by her declaration that she would never marry. She was at once punished by many kinds of ill-treatment. Even her clothes were taken from her to prevent her from going to Mass. But through all this abuse Paula remained calm and firm, ready to endure every torment rather than consent.

In spite of Paula's refusal the two families continued to prepare for the wedding. Rich clothes, jewels, and wonderful gifts were gotten, and all the ceremonies that Chinese etiquette requires were gone through. At last the great day dawned. Many guests had been invited, and many more came through natural curiosity, so that soon the Cathedral was filled. All went well until the time came for the priest who was celebrating the Nuptial Mass to ask Paula if she would take the young bridegroom as her husband. Paula at once replied, "Father, if I must obey I submit, but everybody shall know that I do it against my will."

Picture the scene! Many pagans were there. Women fainted. Paula's father, mad with rage, sprang upon his daughter, crying out, "I shall kill you!"

"Kill me," was her gentle reply.

But the priest having declared, "My child, you are absolutely free," some friends took the brave girl away in order to shield her from her father's fury.

Paula's case was taken to court and tried, but to our great joy the Chinese judge decided in her favor. This was the first time such a decision was ever given in a Chinese court. Paula's father was obliged to let his daughter go free, but because of his anger she went again to stay with friends. Her gentle heart could bear no resentment, however, and from time to time she visited her father in the hope of winning his affection. At first he treated her very harshly, but after a while his heart softened, and at last he even gave his full consent for his daughter to return to the convent. Here she is now, contented and happy in the hope that the grace for which she so bravely fought will soon be given her, for little "Happy Moon" is to have another change of name and be "Sister Maria Paula," a native Chinese nun.

Bob: Where's my "American Missionary?"

Bob's Mother: Your father is reading it.

Bob: Same old story. He read "Theophane Vénard" before I did, and now he is doing it with "Father Judge."

BOYS! Have you read any Mary-GIRLS! knoll books? Here are some.

Field Afar Stories (2 vols.) .60

A Modern Martyr .75

An American Missionary .75

These books will interest you immensely. Any one of them will be sent postpaid to your address for three new subscriptions to *The Field Afar*.



The Maryknoll Mission is in Europe, Asia, or Africa—which? Can you bound it?

Your new friend, Fr. Chin, stroked contentedly that part of his face as read the letter from which we quote:

I am sending check which represents the savings of my Sunday School children. This is true sacrifice money, for the children are not rich in this world's goods, but they are truly happy to be able to do something in behalf of your noble work.

Half of this contribution from my Mite Box (\$2.50) is from my little four-year-old nephew, for "the poor little boys who haven't any home" in pagan lands. I am praying for the continued and ever greater success of your glorious work.

I am sending another dollar from little Anne R's Mite Box. She is an only girl with five brothers and after they sell their papers on Sundays she is always on hand to gather the odd pennies they have left over. She certainly does deny herself many things to fill her Mite Box.

This mite was collected from two children who were visiting me for a few months. We made it a rule to put a penny in the Mite Box for every failure in table manners. We were watched carefully, you may be sure, and at some meals as much as three or four cents went into the Box.

Another friend from Nova Scotia writes:

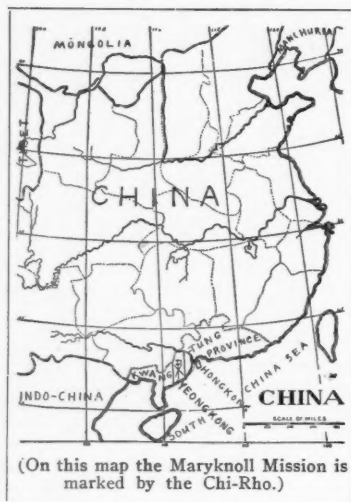
We have re-opened school and the mite box gatherers have returned. We hope this year that the "Boxes" will have better luck than they had last year with the great enemy *T. N. T.* I have shown the children the illustrations in *THE FIELD AFAR* and they are enthusiastic in their small way. May I have seventy-five mite boxes to begin with?

The children in our schools under the leadership of sisters whose hearts are truly missionary have begun this new scholastic year with vigor and spirit. From one school that has six Maryknoll Routers we get:

I only wish it was in my power to do something more substantial for your noble work, still I feel sure you will be pleased to know that I and the thirty-four pupils of my class are to say daily a special prayer to Our Lady for the four noble missionaries who have started for China. Six of my children will take monthly ten copies of *THE FIELD AFAR* and dispose of them, hoping in this way to spread the work of Maryknoll.

Get some Thrift Stamps for the Mission Cause.

WHERE MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS HAVE LANDED.



PERHAPS at home you have a better map of China than the rough sketch on this page. If not, our drawing will help you to realize in what section of that great country our American priests are going to begin their campaign *for Christ and Souls*.

We want you to follow these American missionaries with daily growing interest, and they have begged us to ask you to follow them especially with your Communion and prayers. Here is one way in which we at Maryknoll remember them and we hope that it will appeal to you:

When we get around to the last bead on our daily Rosary we go back towards the cross, saying one Our Father, three Hail Mary's, and a Glory be to the Father—for our missionaries. Do you catch the idea?

Here are some questions for Maryknoll Juniors to answer:

1. How many provinces are there in China?
2. To which province does the Maryknoll Mission belong?
3. What is the principal city in that province?
4. What are the two principal centers of the Maryknoll Mission?
5. Along what river would you sail to reach the western boundary of the Maryknoll Mission?
6. What great missionary died on an island near the Maryknoll Mission? What is the name of that island?

To the first ten who answer correctly Fr. Chin will send a Maryknoll Pin.

Blessed Joseph, guide our missionaries in heathen lands as thou didst guide into Egypt Mary and her Divine Son.

Help them to sustain with patience trials of soul and weariness of body. Secure for them abundant grace and whatever material aid they may need to set up tabernacles for Jesus among those who know Him not. Learn this prayer.

A Router I Would Be.

If that is the case you are going to be a silent partner of the Maryknoll Society, and you might run the danger of being a live member some day.

In any event, Fr. Chin wishes us to print his

Router Rules.

Carry copies of THE FIELD AFAR to your friends—

1. For each copy you will pay six cents.
2. Sell each copy for ten cents.
3. You require no permission to sell to your relatives and friends—but
4. Secure your pastor's permission if you wish to sell to strangers.
5. For every twenty papers you sell we will send you a Maryknoll Pin (if you already have one you may sell or give this to some one else).
6. You must ask for this pin when you write.
7. As soon as possible after the delivery of your papers send your returns in postage stamps (any denomination) at our expense.
8. If you have any papers left tell us how many and Fr. Chin will instruct you what to do with them.



FATHER LEO TING AND HIS BOYS.

(Fr. Ting is a young Chinese priest. He knows how precious the True Faith is and he is working hard to teach it to these boys in his catechism-class.)

The End of the Log.

(With an Old Friend.)

LANGSON, where Fr. Cothonay lives, is well up in the north of Tongking,—about five hours by rail from Hani—and it was not very long before we left the rich low lands of the delta and were running through valleys bordered with high hills. We were climbing gradually into a mountain region, sparsely peopled, that occupies an extensive portion of upper and west Tongking and I began to picture occupations of a Catholic missionary self-exiled in the heart of this strange country. He would certainly have to spend much of his time in travelling—and as a rule he would be obliged to get about on horseback—but at home how would he pass his time when catechism lessons and necessary occupations were over?

I put the question to my companion, who confirmed what every experienced missionary advises and answered: "He should have a hobby." Then Fr. Cothonay spoke to me of a Paris Seminary priest in a neighboring vicariate, who for fifteen years has remained in his present mission, fifty miles from the nearest priest and two hundred miles from any center of civilization. The missionary has learned four dialects and prepared two valuable dictionaries of strange languages (the Tho and Meo) never before recorded. The dictionaries have been published by a society in the Far East, which gave the priest a mere pittance for his labor of years but enabled him to do what a lack of means would otherwise have made impossible.

It was night when we reached Langson, where a priest with attendants was waiting for us, and we had but a few steps to go before reaching our "hotel," for such in fact was formerly the present house of the French Dominican priests at Langson.

I was awakened next morning by the chanting of prayers directly under my room, and I realized that here, as in China, six o'clock and even five-thirty is a very late hour for rising in the seminaries.

The day was cloudy, however, and this, together with the fact that I was a traveler, excused my late appearance.

I found Langson something of a surprise. I had visualized a rather large and dirty village with narrow streets such as one might find in almost any considerable district of China; but here was a city laid out for the future, with wide streets and substantial structures that made one

feel that he would find an apothecary shop (or a chemist, if you will) at the next corner and blocks of stores away from the residential boulevard. But no!—the railway station—customs buildings—post-office—Resident Governor's house—a small hotel—some private houses—and—*finished*. Some day Langson may arrive, but just now the French Government is at the initial investment stage,—an interesting period, nevertheless, in the experience of every center of human activities.

Our first excursion brought us to the post-office and to the market place, on our way to see a tract of land which Fr. Cothonay purchased a couple of years ago "for a song"—and a few dollars. At the post-office a turbaned Annamite youth was stamping letters and speaking French as if his ancestors had been doing likewise; and at the market place the natives were chewing betel and squatting on the cold earth and selling trifles just as their forebears had done for generations. From the market we found rickshaws and crossing a small bridge reached the site of "Fr. Cothonay's hope" in a short quarter-of-an-hour.

This "hope" consists of several acres of land, including some scores of protruding boulders, a long low building in brick and cement, and several mud huts, all backed against a range of limestone hills. Half-a-dozen Christian families are there and each has his rice-field as well as his hut. The Mission provides both and in return the Christians give a portion of their rice crop to the Father, so that there is no loss although the investment produces a very small margin of profit—one or two per cent—for the Mission,—proof strong and positive that Catholic missionaries are not trying to rob their parishioners. Fr. Cothonay has built the foundation of a church for this new settlement, as he anticipates a rapid growth—if he can win his monied friends to the colonization idea.

The huts built of mud and thatch provide for two families and cost about sixteen dollars, or eight dollars for each family. A rice-field large enough to supply a year's grain for one family adds to the investment fifty dollars more, making a total initial investment for each family of about sixty dollars, on which, at five percent, three dollars worth of interest would be lost yearly to the Mission, which loss is more than compensated for by the rice-crop division mentioned above.

Fr. Cothonay plans to build the new church with mud but I urged him to wait and use brick, especially if, as

Bernadette of Lourdes

The only complete account of her life ever published.

Translated by J. H. Gregory.

Price—One Dollar, Postpaid

Special rates for quantities to the Reverend Clergy and all Religious.

For sale at Maryknoll.

he now feels, he expects to be buried within its walls.

As New Year's salutations were in order we entered the catechist's reception room,—a not over-clean place,—brushed a spot clean and sat down, while the families gathered to spread their mats and make their bows.

When this was over Père Cothonay gave one of his characteristic sighs, we both grunted, then smiled, and sauntered magnificently down to the rickshaws for a further exploration of the wonders of Langson. And wonders there certainly are in the limestone caves that honeycomb these mountains of northern Tongking. We went into one which, like many others, had been turned into a pagoda. It was like a fairy scene, with its massive stalactites, great hanging pyramids of stone carved by nature into grotesque forms, giving a background for the altar and its hideous gods. Passages ran into the mountain from several points and they seemed endless, giving a good idea of their usefulness as hiding places and something of a creepy feeling at the realization of the discomforts suggested by them.

We passed out from this "cave of Satan," beautiful yet beastly, into God's sunshine and as we did so Fr. Cothonay pointed to other caves which were actually occupied as living quarters by some lepers who begged on the road from passersby, but who failed to come out and importune us, perhaps because they sensed the fact that we were fellow-mendicants. Caves and lepers, bandits and pirates—what thrills these magic words once gave me when, as a youngster, long before the "movies" took root in the pockets of our people, I heard—not to say read—of such things! And here is the reality, to some extent at least, failing to excite an imagination that has been growing cool with advancing years.

As we were returning to the "hotel" Fr. Cothonay expressed his regret that I could not meet a certain one of his parishioners whose house we were passing and who happened to be "out of town for New Year's." This parishioner, an Annamite woman, is as yet only a Christian at heart and not by baptism but if her zeal continues she should make a valiant member of the Church Militant.

When she realized for the first time that her gods were of tin and other structural material she went back to her house, pulled from the wall a rather valuable painting of many idols, and was about to burn it when Fr. Cothonay suggested that a place in New York State called *Maryknoll* could make good use of it as a horrible example. And my host—who had called to my memory the little office where THE FIELD AFAR Editor works occasionally and this identical hanging back of his chair—remarked with another sigh that he had never learned whether or not the thing had arrived in America—a charge that was repudiated of course, because—well, could any priest fail to write an acknowledgment? I know by long experience that priests have a poor reputation in the matter of answering letters, and I have even heard the seminaries blamed for this defect of character, but—perhaps “they” slipped up at Maryknoll. “Accidents will happen,”—and Fr. Cothonay was pleased to know at last that his gift had not been lost in transit.

I took an excursion into China that afternoon. It was only about ten miles to the end of the railway hut and a short half-mile climb brought us to the gateway that pierces and ornaments the straggling wall of this extensive, if not as yet great, republic of Asia.

One of the priests accompanied me and Fr. Cothonay gave a New Year's treat to a few of the “boys,” who were in glee at the opportunity to “see China and die.” The house-dog also followed us into the train but Fr. Brebion refused to take him on the ground that the railroad company charges more for a dog than for an Annamite.

The last few miles of this short journey brought us through a region without any sign of human life—and the “great door” of China was guarded by only one sleepy soldier, who was too comfortable to stand as we passed over the line that separates nations.

There was not much to see; the outside of an official's rather imposing European house, a village of about a hundred persons, a dingy-looking pagoda, a police-station, and some groups of silent staring Chinese—this was the sum of attractions—certainly a poor “day's outing” for the average American, especially when it is realized that there was not on the premises anything that looked like a refreshment stand. The poor youths who came with us seemed happy, however, storing some unsubstantial memories. Above all they were glad to be safe with “Europeans,” to whose skirts they clung quite closely in



THREE TONGKING TYPES.
(Mr. Push, Mr. Squat, Mr. Pull.)

evident suspicion of the strangers within whose gates they had penetrated for the first time in their uneventful lives.

The next day Fr. Cothonay and I made another sortie into the streets of Langson, calling on various distinguished personages, from the *Resident* (the provincial governor) to the proprietor of the real hotel, examining “future hopes” in certain parcels of land that belonged to other people, and winding up the morning with a brief reception at the home of the misfits, the “miserables.”

The “miserables” are so named, not because they are what they are through their own fault, but because there is no place for them in the activities of Langson. They are a collection of unfortunate men, women, and children, blind, crippled or silly, in some cases thrice afflicted, who live in huts provided by Fr. Cothonay.

They have been burned out several times so that recently the Government insisted on a substantial roof in place of straw and that portion of their establishment is now the most respectable of its kind in the vicinity.

They hobbled out to meet us, led us to one of the huts, spread mats and made noises on strange instruments, which we endured in an atmosphere for which I cannot find a fitting adjective, relieving ourselves finally by the deposit of one Mexican dollar on the principal instrument.

It was Fr. Cothonay who made this contribution and he told them to get a New Year's feast, after which he explained to me that the entire group is supported from alms gathered by a certain number who go out regularly into the town for this purpose, placing their returns conscientiously in a common fund. It was raw and cold that morning and I still have a recollection of one shivering man who followed us a few paces asking for clothing or a blanket.

In the afternoon we listened to another concert, this time from the students in the *House of God* under the direction of a Dominican Father, who brought more music out of an ancient harmonium made near Boston than I had heard since I left that City of Symphonies.

The *Resident* called after the concert to return our visit and I could not but contrast the elegance of his house with the reception room into which he was ushered—the mission refectory—with its unadorned walls and its table covered with cloth-of-marble. brown



NATIVE SISTERS AT LANGSON WITH SOME OF THEIR CHARGES.
Which are which?

in color so as to appear respectably clean even after many years of use.

Fr. Cothonay would like to welcome some of Maryknoll's sons into Tongking, and so far as he is concerned he would tomorrow give them the half of his territory, much of which he has not yet seen. And I don't blame him, not because his mission is remote and sparsely settled, but because as Prefect-Apostolic he has the same responsibility for souls as if he were a Bishop and the realization that for lack of men the souls entrusted to him are not cared for pains his truly priestly heart. But if Maryknoll were to accept the responsibility what could be done to provide priests? I had to remind Fr. Cothonay that Maryknoll is only six years old, but he expects to see the child a big man one of these days—and then—God knows.

Written on the door of my host's room were these words:

"Quodcumque facitis in verbo aut in opere, omnia in nomine Jesu Christi."

"Whatever you say or do, let it be in the name of Jesus Christ."

So may it be with our work, dear Fr. Cothonay, and the Bearer of the Name that is above all names must guide our footsteps.

Here finishes in The Field Afar the wandering of a Maryknoller under the title, The Pioneer's Log. The return-trip to Hongkong, a more or less thrilling journey to Sancian Island, and the home passage across the Pacific by way of Shanghai and Japan have yet to be set up in type but The Pioneer's Log will now give place to the Maryknoll Mission Chronicle, which begins with this number.

In The Pioneer's Log as it appeared monthly there were many omissions, due to lack of space. These will be supplied, and the concluding chapters added, in a book which is even now in the hands of the printer and will appear under the new title:

OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT

BY A MARYKNOLLER.

While this new volume will be profusely illustrated and otherwise attractive it is our intention to dispose of it at the lowest possible price.

Yeong-Kong Occupied.

FR. GAUTHIER, who has been "holding down" Yeong-kong, the center of the new Maryknoll-in-China, announces that THE FIELD AFAR has made its first appearance in that distinguished city. He writes:

THE FIELD AFAR for June has just reached Yeong-kong. The happy news it brings us has made the whole Christian community of Yeong-kong leap with joy. Most pleased of all is certainly the poor old missionary, who, while waiting for the young recruits from Maryknoll, has done his best to retain the ground already conquered. However, fortifying ourselves in the trenches to keep back the enemy is not enough; we must now step out and go forward to new conquests, and for that the contingent from Maryknoll will be of immense service. We shall soon see the happy effect of their presence, just as in France we see the wonderful results of the presence of the American troops.

Now that Yeong-kong is known to THE FIELD AFAR it will soon be known to its multitude of generous readers. THE FIELD AFAR will be a messenger of good tidings to both sides. To Yeong-kong it will bring encouragement, and to Maryknoll the story of the good fight fought and the victories gained. "Man sui," a Chinaman would say—"long life" to THE FIELD AFAR—long life and prosperity to Maryknoll and the Mission of Yeong-kong—and long eternal life to the generous readers of this messenger of good news! Yours devotedly,

A. GAUTHIER.

Our first news of Yeong-kong came accidentally through a Protestant mission magazine, in which we found the following news under the caption:

THE OUTBREAK IN YEUNG-KONG.

Fighting in Yeung-kong, South China, between the local troops and some northern soldiers had led to such a serious situation that the missionaries there sent to the American Consul at Canton for help. An American gunboat, then in Hongkong, was sent to their relief, and Rev. Charles E. Patton, of the American Presbyterian mission, describes what happened:

"A sad sight enough the city presented. Every shop had been looted, the doors shattered and patched up with bits of box boards. Bullet holes were everywhere. The streets were almost deserted, the people having fled to the country, and they looked more like horse stables than anything else.

The fine big church building (Protestant) was a pile of broken bricks, a complete wreck. The situation had been very grave a few days before. Just then the Cantonese army had driven the Northern troops of Lung Chai Kwong beyond to the Kochou region.

"The whole affair was evidently the outgrowth of some small misunderstanding on the part of a rough element among the Cantonese soldiers, whose conduct was disavowed and reprimanded by their own commanders."

The Chaplain.

The Maryknoll representative



REV. NEWTON THOMPSON, D.D.,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, U.S.A.

among our army chaplains distinguished himself as a soap-box orator around the "little berg" situated on Manhattan Island. We have not heard how many Liberty Bonds have been landed by the waves of his oratory but many FIELD AFAR subscribers can vouch for his ability to do his bit in this important line of patriotic help.

On the Knoll.

MARYKNOLL was honored on Oct. 16 by one of the first visits made after his arrival in New York by His Excellency the Most Rev. Pietro Di Maria, Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

His Excellency was accompanied by Archbishop Sinnott of Winnipeg, Monsignor Filippi, secretary to the Delegation, Monsignor Carroll of New York, and Fr. Louis Stickney, Chancellor of the Baltimore Archdiocese.

Through his connection with the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and as a former Rector of the College of Propaganda, our distinguished visitor found himself at home in the centre of a work that is evidently, in his eyes, one of great importance to the Church at home as well as to the mission field itself.

He extended his congratulations and he gave us his blessing, but what lingers with us at Maryknoll is the memory of his keen and sympathetic interest and his repeated insistence on the fact that the Holy Father is looking to America to make up, in men and means, for the serious losses inflicted on Catholic missions by the world war.

Since his return from the Far East the Maryknoll Superior has not had much time for talk-tours, but he is obliged for one reason or another to make occasional rapid flights. When the opportunity presents itself he stops in these flights to speak a word at some center of activities. Recently on a return trip from Scranton he had the pleasure of visiting the Newark, (N. J.) diocesan seminary at South Orange and St. Elizabeth's, the large educational establishment at Convent Station. At the seminary he addressed the faculty and students and at Convent Station the Sisters of Charity in charge. At both places he found

that much interest had already been aroused.

The Superior talked also recently to two divisions of the New York Archdiocesan Sodality Union,—which, by the way, is a movement full of possibilities for great usefulness. These talks were given on the invitation of the Rev. William J. Daly of Peekskill, the General Director of the Union.

There is land to till and there is wood to burn at Maryknoll above the Hudson but, if we must admit it—and we are glad to do so—living accommodations for human beings are getting scarce. Our slogan, *There is always room for one more*, is actually in danger of temporary suppression.

Fahncy! as a Mill-Hiller would say; or, as an American youth would express it, "*Do you get*



His Grace, the most Reverend Archbishop Sinnott, of Winnipeg, Canada.

His Excellency, the Most Reverend Pietro Di Maria, Apostolic Delegate to Canada,

Standing above are their hosts of New York City and Ossining town.

this?" Including the twenty-five Teresians down at the roadside across the fields, there are more than a hundred persons at Maryknoll, distributed in five separate buildings.

At the Seminary we manage to keep a couple of rooms for passing guests, because it does us good to see our friends and it does them good to see this youngster grow, but many of our aspirant apostles are "doubled-up," though not in great suffering. This crowded condition is excellent training, we tell them, for the life of a traveler in China, where, whether one likes it or not, he must often get into a swarm.

There are, however, some disadvantages, not to speak of dangers, such as the recent epidemic threatened. But God fits the back to the burden and the place to the need. No condition bothers us at Maryknoll unless it threatens to become chronic and the present jam will be relieved when the Vénard Laundry and Power-House, our rising preparatory-school building near Scranton, shall be finished.

You, dear reader, have probably received an attractive circular which carried a drawing of that Laundry and Power-House (now ready for its roof) and a letter inviting friends to send in, according to their means, Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps, or Thrift Stamps. We are not going to embarrass you by asking if you were impressed to the pen-point of answering that studied appeal, but you will be glad to know that at this writing there is good promise that we can one day place in enduring bronze within the walls of the new building these words:

Erected during the World-War, from the Liberty Bonds and War-Savings Stamps of American Catholics, in whose hearts love of Country is founded on the love of God.

Will you kindly recall this plan of ours the next time you discover that Liberty Bond or War Stamp in your bureau drawer? Remember that it will be safe at Maryknoll.

If you do not wish to lose those War-Savings Stamps send them to Maryknoll for the new Laundry and Power House into which the Vénard Apostolic School is anxious to move.

Since our last issue the roster of Vénard students has risen to forty-three, with several more nearing the entrance line, so that we shall not be surprised to record fifty-plus before the next scholastic year. This is gratifying, although it will shake our Treasurer out of his easy chair before long and set his brain in a whirl. Even now he has a habit of starting up occasionally as if he had been pinched.

What will wake him is not, however, the increase to a half-hundred Vénard students, but the realization that places must be found at Maryknoll for the Vénard graduates; and this will bring to his imagination not only the new Vénard, but the new Maryknoll, because the Proto-Seminary of the American Foreign Missions will have reached its limit of extension after its next scholastic year, according to all present reckonings—and "what will the robin do then, poor thing?"

Fortunately the Maryknoll Treasurer is not justified in worrying about this robin. So far he certainly has had no cause to complain. At times, especially when building, he has asked himself as the first of the month approached, "Where shall I turn to borrow it?" but, thanks to the Providence that has set this movement on foot, he has not yet been obliged to turn for that purpose. God has been good to us, inspiring priests, nuns, and Catholic faithful as the instruments of His benefactions. May we merit a continuance of His bounty!



THE MARYKNOLL MISSION CIRCLES.

CONNECTICUT Circles are remembering Maryknoll's pioneers in the mission field:

We are offering a rosary every day during October for the intention of our first four missionaries who are on the way "over there." (Danielson.)

Enclosed is a money order for the fund for the first missionaries. We cannot send so much as we would like, but we will try to make up in prayers what is lacking in money. (Hartford.)

Surplices at Maryknoll are not just now a surplus stock and there is a golden opportunity for some Circle to supply some.

If this appeals we invite correspondence, because we have a uniform style, even in these war days. It is, however, simple.

Plans for stimulating and widening interest in Maryknoll Circles are many. One active organizer in Massachusetts promises "a good time."

The nature of my party is a good Irish dance. I don't expect to make much on it, but it will be the means of meeting more people and advertising the purpose and work of the Circle, thus giving us a larger field. Already we have secured quite a few new members.

Not long ago we had a gift for a *Maryknoll Catechist Circle*. No one of our Circles is as yet engaged in the support of a catechist, but the idea is a good one and this gift will be applied to the first Circle that starts to support a catechist—for which support the Maryknoll Mission aims to secure fifteen dollars a month to cover all necessary expenses.

The cancelled stamp, trading stamp, and tin-foil gatherings of our friends in New York City may be left with Miss Julia Ward, 16 East Forty-Eighth Street, who has kindly volunteered to receive them for Maryknoll.



THE Vénard nowadays has somewhat of a dual personality—one third of the roll-call being in temporary exile at Maryknoll, patiently awaiting the time and space that will allow return to Alma Pater at Clark's Green, Pa. The fortunate others, who could be accommodated at home, are making up in zeal for their loss in numbers, and are steadily advancing in massed formation against the barrier of studies that is hindering their departure for China.

For the missionary fever is high.

Maryknoll may be somewhat concerned in the welfare of foreign missionaries, and in particular of "Our Four" who left in September, but we Vénarders naturally feel that, having supplied three of the Big Four, we are thereby entitled to a keener and more personal interest in the exploits and the "fate" of this apostolic advance guard. Accordingly, when an occasional postal or scrap of news filters through the censor's hands, it is instantly pounced upon, devoured, memorized and archived in perpetuum.

In the meantime, while waiting for another letter from the celestial kingdom, the Vénard husbandmen meander along the verdant cowpaths, gently picking prunes for our high-pressure canning plant. To date, over 3,600 quarts of steaming vegetables and fruits have been interned.

On rainy days—and they are many—the students and brothers turn within, to seek consolation in the flowing brush. Inspired with the ardor that begets "Housemaid's Knee," the entire corps, faculty, brothers, and students have engaged in a ferocious struggle with wall-scrapers, putty-knives and brushes, paint and alabaster—and, not infrequently, iodine—bringing out all the beauty that lay dormant in our dwelling, a stately Colonial mansion of Spanish architecture, Queen Anne style in sections, with a little touch of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew here and there—a combination that made infinite appeal to all the artful designers in the community and challenged their genius to camouflage.

When all is ready, we shall have a house-warming—if we can get the coal. (Otherwise, a lawn fête, perhaps, on a sunny afternoon.) Though near to a mining district we do not find it easier on that account to secure the precious stuff, but while there's paprika why worry?

Visitors have been few,—partly due, we suppose, to the gasless Sundays. But the kind interest of our friends is as manifest as ever. One well-wisher bequeathed to our jealous care a race horse that once could walk a mile in two minutes using only his hind legs; while still another benefactor has benefited us with a galloping beauty called "Blackie." And so is our transportation problem solved.

Among other benefactions we wish especially to record a gift of linen toweling from a Scranton Circle that has shown a constant devotion to the Vénard and its needs.

The improvements made at the Vénard, and those still in the making, are due in large part to the helpful suggestions of the Teresians, four of which now live at the cottage known as "Our Lady of the Missions," which has become so permanent a factor in Vénard life that we occasionally find ourselves whistling the song: "How Did We Ever Get Along Without Them?" Like Maryknoll, so, too, is the Vénard forever indebted to the loyal devotion of these apostolic disciples of St. Dominic and St. Teresa.

Why worry about that Liberty Bond? Maryknoll will keep it for you and with it back its young school near Scranton.

MARYKNOLL-IN-SAN FRANCISCO.

The Maryknoll procurator in San Francisco writes:

The week preceding September 21—the day our four missionaries sailed from San Francisco—was an eventful one in the history of the Maryknoll Procure. The exact day of their

arrival was not known until a telegram came from Sacramento, but the Women's Auxiliary had everything in readiness for their reception.

The travelers arrived on Saturday the fourteenth. On Sunday Fr. Price preached at the Cathedral. During the week various schools and convents were visited and at St. Patrick's Seminary at Menlo Park the four missionaries received a warm welcome. Thursday evening, at the Procure, the San Francisco Women's Catholic Foreign Mission Auxiliary gave a reception in honor of the future apostles.

The much loved Archbishop was present and gave the principal address of the evening. He paid a glorious tribute to the vigorous vitality of Mother Church, who, despite the ever-increasing needs that the war has occasioned, is able, nevertheless, to send missionaries to pagan lands to extend the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

The Rt. Rev. Giuseppe Tacconi, Bishop of South Honan, China, was present that evening, as were also three Lazarist missionaries—Hollanders—en route to China.

Saturday, September 21, was sailing-day. The departing missionaries and their friends were at the pier early. About eleven o'clock, when tickets, baggage, and so forth, had been all attended to, the dean of the party woke up to the fact that he had forgotten to take any breakfast. It was too early for the one o'clock luncheon on the steamer, and impossible to go to a convenient restaurant as the steamer's rules forbid a passenger to go outside the gates again once he has come on board. Had this lapse of memory occurred a day or two later, out at sea, it would no doubt have been looked upon as quite usual.



"OUR LADY OF THE MISSIONS."
(The Teresian "cottage home" at Clark's Green.)

CROSSING.

Can we cross?
The waters represent
our bills for
the Laundry and
Power - House—
our pro-College—
near Scranton;
the bearer, our
benefactors. Keep
our feet dry and
our head above
water.



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Books; altar linens and Benediction veil; chalice; surplice; burses; camera; old gold, jewelry, etc., from N. J., O., R. I.; cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc., from N. Y., Mass., R. I., Pa., Md., N. J., Mo., Conn., Nova Scotia.

We wish to express thanks for anonymous offerings from M. C. M., \$25; "An Admirer of your Mission," \$5.

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Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
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Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to Oct. 1, 1918, 1,176,726 "
For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 4,823,274 "

Several Liberty Bonds have come to secure Perpetual Memberships for our soldier-boys who have fallen in battle. Others are applied to those now in the fighting line.

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Deceased—Rev. Peter C. Quinn; Patrick Corcoran; Ann Corcoran; Margaret Lee; Corcoran family; James A. Burton; Joseph Fenton; Bertha A. Goebels; Alexius Broker; Hannah McLaughlin; Derby McLaughlin; Thomas A. McPartland; Anna M. McPartland; Mary Donoghue; Margaret Gallagher; Mrs. Katherine Hickey.

WE request a prayer for the souls of:

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Rev. J. T. Durward Mary Leach
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For further particulars write to the Mother Superior, St. Gertrude's Convent, Richmond, Va.

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